A treatyse, shewing

and declaryng the pryde and abuse of women now a dayes.

BO pepe what haue I spyed,
a bug I trow, decypsing of proud knacks
For wanton lasses and galant women,
and other lewde noughty packes
O cursed pride, þ spryg & rote of cursi sin,
full yll myghte thou fare
For thou hast brought thys wealthy realme,
into moche payne and care
And what maketh vs to fall from God,
and thus wyckedly to lyue as we doo
But pryde, pryde thys cursed vyce,
that hath banished welth, and brought vs woo
And yet wyl the wycked, cloke thys pryde,
and prayse it and lyke it well
But theyr prayse and cloke wyll not serue,
but hoyste them to the deuyll of hell
They saye that all the pryde is in the harte,
and none in the garmentes gaye
But surely yf there were no proude hartes
there wouldbe no proude araye
For scripture saith þ your proud garmẽts & behauyor
do shewe playnely what you are wythin
And therfore your fonde blynd skuses wyl not serue,
they are not worth a pyn
For lyke as thee solye ale house,
is alwayes knowen by the good ale stake
So are proude Jelots sone perceaued to,
by theyr proude foly and wanton gate

Take no example by ſhyre Townes,
nor of the Cytie of London
For therein dwell proude wycked ones,
the poyſon of all this region
For a ſtewde ſtrumpet can not ſo ſoone,
gette vp a lyghte lewde faſhyon
But euerye wanton Jelot wyll lyke it well,
and catche it vp anon
And yet Goddes worde is agaynſte you playne,
and calleth it abhomination
Nowe fye for ſhame that Chriſten people,
ſhoulde lyke anye ſothe wycked faſhyon
For they that walcke in proude raymente,
walcke not truelye in ſpyryte and fayth
But in a fleſſhely deuelyſhe waye,
for ſo the Scripture ſayeth
Sponge vp youre vyſage olde bounſynge trotte,
and trycke it wyth the beſte
Tyll you tricke and trotte youre ſelfe,
to the deuyls trounſynge neſte
Oure trotte oure trotte oure luſtye trotte,
whyche ſhoulde be mooſte ſadde and playne
Is nowe become a trickynge one,
and a wanton trincklet agayne
Thys from the deuyll and the ſtewes,
commeth youre trickſynelle that you lyke ſo well
To tricke vp youre Carkas to the ſayle,
and to trappe youre ſoule to hell
Wyth whyppet a whyle lyttle prety one,
prancke it and bragge it well
For yf you iette not nycelye,
you ſhall not beare the bell

The

The ſcole houſe of women is nowe well practyſed,
and to moche put in vre
Whyche maketh manye a mans hayre to growe,
thorowe hys hoode you maye be verye ſure
For there are ſome prancked Goſſeps euery where,
able to ſpyll a whole countrie
Whyche mayntayne pryde ryot and wantonnes,
lyke mothers of all iniquitie
Take hede to thys good huſbandes all,
take good hede and beware
Leaſt youre wyues rayncute and galante trickes,
doo make youre thryfte full bare
And loke well ye men to youre wyues tryckſynes,
whyche is to ſhamefull wyde
Or ſome wyll not ſtycke or it be longe,
to horne you on euerye ſyde
He that is a foole, maye be a Jacke dawe,
and ſo continue all hys lyfe
That loketh not wyſelye vpon hys charge,
and the proude foly of hys wyfe
What, ſhall the graye mayre be the better horſe,
and be wanton ſtyll at home?
Naye, then welcome home ſyr woodcocke,
ye ſhall be tamed anone
Youre blaſynge wyfe maye be youre ſygne,
and ſerue to call in geſte
A pleaſaunte ſtale for the deuyll hym ſelfe,
and a member of all lewdneſſe
Youre charge is greate, youre honeſtye ſmall,
and youre wyfe full bare
When you ſette more by proude vanytie,
then by youre ſoules wel fare

Wyll, wyll, lustye wylfull wyll,
wyll marre all or it be longe
And cause the tryckeste of you all,
to synge a carefull songe
Downe for shame wyth these bottell arste bummes,
and theyr trappynge trinkets so vayne
A bounsinge packsadel for the deuyll to ryde on,
to spurre theym to sorowe and payne
It is not proud rayment that maketh the honest,
but thy condycyons playne
For cursed be they that walcke wyckedly,
and heare Goddes worde in vayne
Rubbe forthe olde Trottes to the deuyl warde,
seme ye neuer so holye
Youre glosynge woordes wyll not serue,
when youre worckes be wycked and full of foly
And yet the deuylyshe wyll be proude styll,
for that is all theyr delyghte
To please theyr lewde lemmans all the daye,
and to strumpe it well at nyght
Ducke Jelot ducke, ducke pretye Minions,
beware the Cokingstoole
Ducke galant trickers wyth shame ynoughe,
your wanton corage for to cole
Huffa goldylocx, ioly lusty goldylocx,
a wanton tricker is come to Towne
Wyth a double Fardyngale and a caped Cassoc,
moche lyke a players Gowne
Awaye wyth lyght rayment and learne to go sadly,
for that is beste of all
That in no wyse for thy carkas sake,
thou casle awaye thy soule

From

From Rome from Rome thys carkerd pryde,
from Rome it came dewtles
Away for shame wyth soch filthy baggage,
as smels of papery and deuelyshenes
Lorde what Romishe mōsters make ye your childre,
to shamefull to be tolde
Ye make them sure yeur god almyghtes,
and Poppysh ydolatry ye do vpholde
Many straunge regions haue I bene in,
and marked well the fashyon
But so moch proude folly and wantonnes,
saw I neuer in no nacyon
And yet blynd dotardes percepue not thys,
tyll they be brought to thrall
But styll wynke and walke in the deuyls wayes,
tyll he posses theyr soule
Loke to thy householde wysely,
and bryng them vp playnely in vertue & godlynes
That hereafter they doo not come,
to no myschaunce and lewdenesse
Dysfygure not youre faces good honeste women,
wyth no lyghte horyshe fashyon
Leste it brynge you into yll fame,
and sclaunderous estemacyon
For honeste women shoulde stycke to honestye,
and vpholde no harlottes guyse
But amende and rebuke all wonton lewdenesse,
and learne to bee sadde and wyse
Our lyght is oute oure example is wycked,
and styuckes before Goddes face
Because thee deuell wythin vs doethe dwell,
and resystethe bothe vertue and grace

Nowe

Nowe fye vpon pryde ſtrumpery,
and al vayne deuyliſhe ſtuffe
I waye wyth it good people all,
or loke for greate vengeaunce & ſorow ynoughe
And beware alſo pretyone,
and ſee that you amende thys gere
Or haue ye ſhall as many mockes,
as youre greate ars can beare
But come home agayne to ſadneſſe,
and I wyll ſaye no more
For yf you do not ſhortlye,
my pen muſte bere you ſore
And now ryght worthy and ſadde women all,
wyth you no faute I fynde
For your good honeſtye and ſadde demeanor,
doeth well ſhewe youre godly mynde
And I ſpeake not agaynſte no playne women,
as walke in godlye wyſe
But agaynſt ſuche wanton dyſſemblers,
as doeth goddes truthe deſpyſe
And therfore I truſte no honeſt women,
herewyth wyl be offended
But ſuche as lyue vngracyouſly,
and lyſt not to be amended
We wonder moche at theſe nyppynge plages,
that daylye on vs doo fall
But nothynge we wonder at oure ſynfull faſhions,
that are cheke cauſe of all
Wherfore reformacyon wyll come ſhortlye,
and put you to more ſhame.

And

And teache you to know gods lawes & your kinges,
and to walke in better fraime
For your bummes wyll be better bounst at,
or it be verye longe
And make suche lustye bounsyng ones,
to synge a playner songe
For thoughe some take the matter hylye,
and sore be offended here wythall
Yet maye I not spare to speake the truthe,
howe pryde wyll haue a fall
Rubbe a galde horse on thee backe,
and he wyll kycke and wynse
And so wyll wanton wylyons,
when they haue anye snaper or twynche
But kycke and wynche clatter and chatter,
at the truthe as moche as you lyste
Your pryde wyll come downe wyth shame ynoughe,
beware of had I wyste
For preachyng and teachyng we ar neuer the better,
but rather worse and worse
The heathen lyue farre better then we,
and therefore haue we goddes curse
We trust and beleue we can not tell howe,
euen as we lyste oure selues
But that trust and fayth muste we amende,
or hell fyre shall we posses
To presume on goddes mercye is as greate a faute,
as too dyspayre therein
For yf thy faythe bee not perfecte good,
thy truste is not worthe a pyn

Remembre

Remember that hell is a woe full place,
full of all cruell paynes and tormentes
And it is not thy wauering fayned fayth,
that can delyuer the from tyens
O foole, foole more then starke madde,
not sure to lyue one houre
How dareſt thou ſo proudely offend thy Lorde God,
of ſoche almyghty power
Lyue godly and do good worckes,
and ſpend thy ſhorte tyme well
For a wanton lyfe and vycyous,
is the very ryghte waye to hell
And thus God ſende vs grace euerychone,
in vertue and gladnes to remayne
And for oure ſad and honeſt playnes,
a ioyfull place in heauen
GOD ſaue kyng Edward & his noble counſaill al,
and ſende vs peace and reſte.
And of thys pryde and deuylyſche folye,
full ſoone to haue redreſſe.

¶ Finis. Quod Charles Bansley.

¶ Imprinted at London in Paules Church yearde, at thee Sygne of the Starre. By Thomas Raynalde.

Collated &c
21/3425